

The Fairy Islands



VALLEY FLOWER

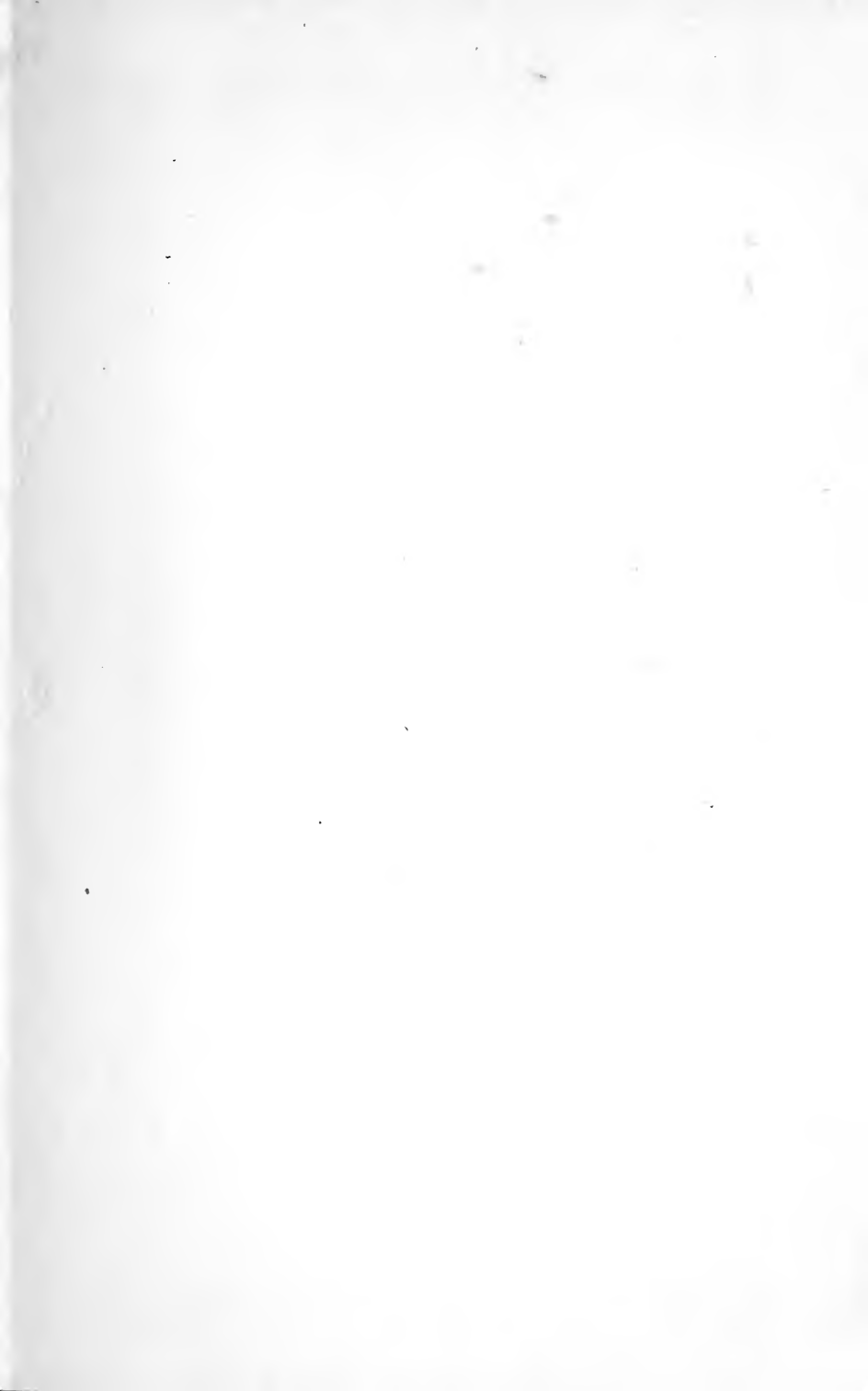


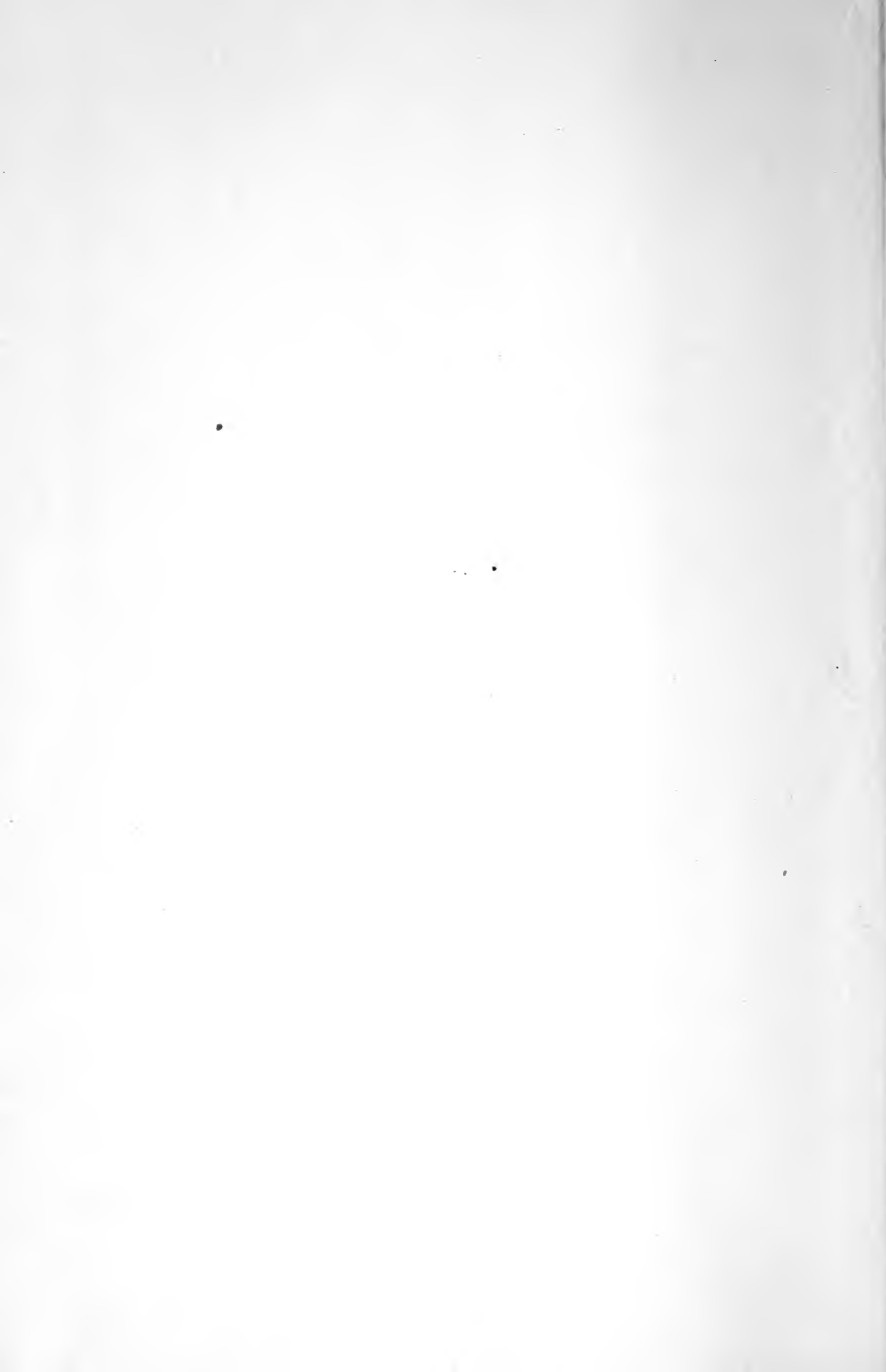
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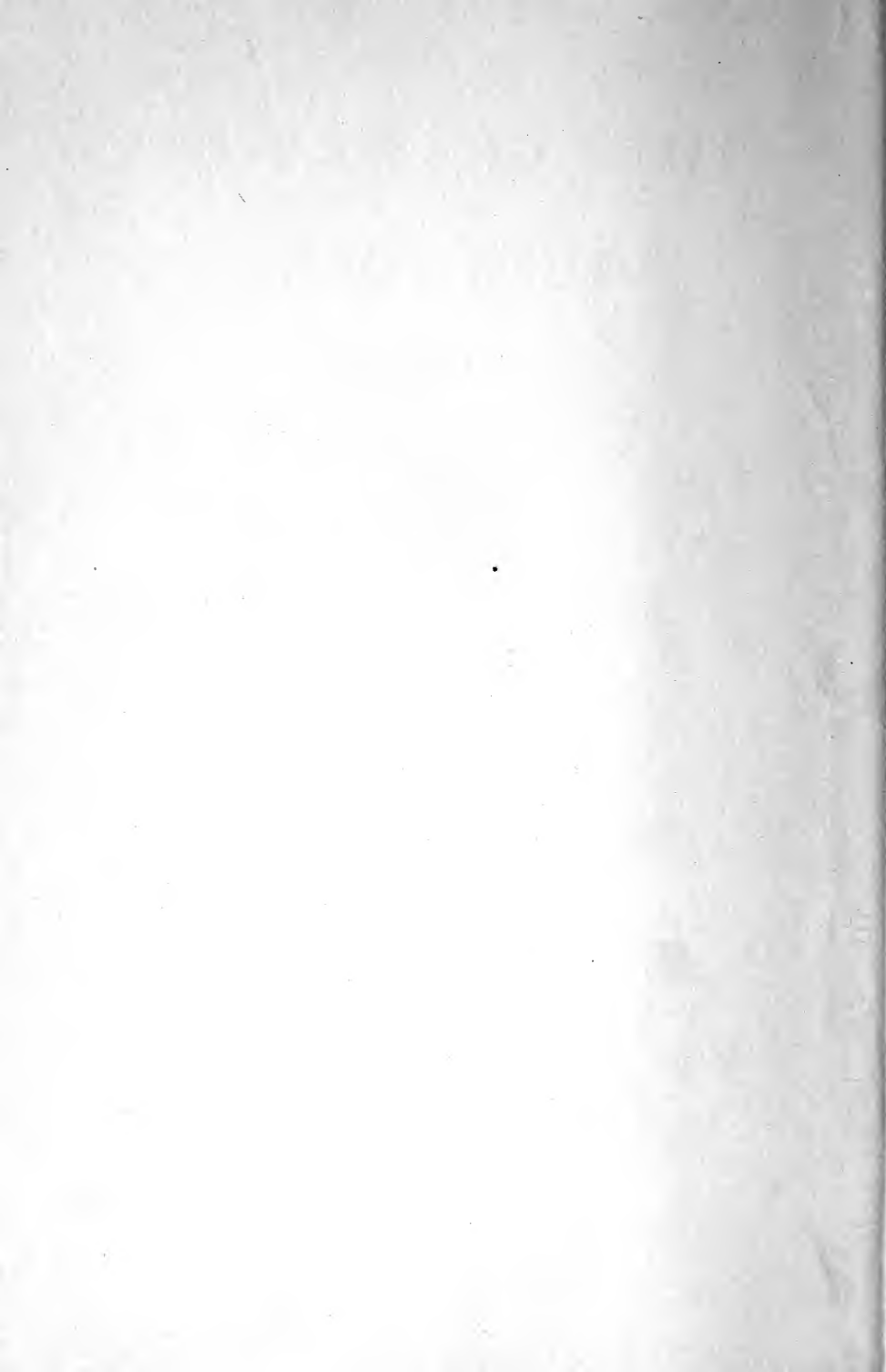
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**THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND
OTHER POEMS**



THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

By VALLEY FLOWER



THE CORNHILL COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

PS3511
L8F3
1918

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OCT -9 1918

no 1

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**THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND
OTHER POEMS**



THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE FAIRY ISLANDS

Oh, come at dusk to the wide sea-shore,
And look to the west with me;
I'll show you there the Fairy Isles
That lie in the Sunset Sea.

Those magic islands are wondrous fair;
They are colored gorgeously
With crimson and gold and lavender,
In the midst of the Sunset Sea.

They never are still, but float as they will
Past mountain and meadow and lea;
They change as they go, and are drawn to and fro
By the tide of the Sunset Sea.

Did you never see in those islands fair
A castle or mountain or tree?
They are all the work of the Sun Elves there,
That flit o'er the Sunset Sea.

Ah, I would I could go to those Fairy Isles,
With the elves forever to be;
But no mortal can cross the magic bridge
That spans the Sunset Sea.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

For the Sun makes a bridge with his golden beams,
And the lord of this land is he;
The tinted clouds are the Fairy Isles,
And the sky is the Sunset Sea.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

JOY RIVER

In the East, in crimson splendor,
 Rose the sun to crown the dawn;
Temple bells along the river
 Sound to greet the rising morn.

Opal lights upon the river
 Sampan sails of amber hue,
Fading softly in the distance,
 Dark, against a sky of blue.

Little craft of all description,
 Rice-boats tossing in the sun,
Junks, are sailing on the river,
 And the day has just begun.

Twisting, winding Irawadi,
 Coursing onward to the bay.
On the banks and in the river
 Little Burmese children play.

Fleeting day upon the river
 Passes softly into night,
And the river, dark and tranquil,
 Sleeps beneath a blaze of light.

Dark and mystic Irawadi,
 Twinkling lanterns hung on high,
Little craft upon the river,
 Sleeping 'neath a starlit sky.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

LAND OF MYSTERY

I heard among the willow boughs
A gentle, whispering, sighing sound,
As though amid the swaying leaves
A host of moving forms were found,
Whose draperies, touching as they moved,
The willow twigs bent to and fro.
My mother says 'twas just the wind;
I think it was the fairies, though.

Last night before I went to sleep,
Closed tightly was the tulip's cup.
It must have been a fairies' bed,
Because this morn 'twas opened up.
What made it close its petals soft,
And open with the sunrise glow?
My mother says 'twas nature's ways;
I think it was the fairies, though.

There are so many, many things
I cannot understand at all,
And even mother doesn't know
Just why the snow and raindrops fall.
And yet they say there are no sprites
Or fairies, when they do not know
How else such curious things could be.
I think there must be fairies, though.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

A MIDSUMMER BALL

The moonlight is glitt'ring, a soft subdued twitt'r-
ing

Comes from the nestlings far up in a tree;
A light wind is wav'ring, a soft, gentle sav'ring
Of primrose and daisy abloom on the lea.

Through the forest comes stealing a strange, eery
feeling;

It spreads through the brush and creeps over
the mere.

The moonlight seems brightened, the green moss
is lightened;

A soft glow of foxfire — the fairies are here!

O'er the grass they come tripping, some flying,
some skipping;

Half drifting they seem, for they scarce touch
the ground;

In the glade they are swarming, their ranks
quickly forming

To join in the dance round the green elfin mound.

The bluebells start chiming a soft cadence, timing

The feet of the dancers who airily tread

Mystic mazes and twirling — the whole mass
seems to be whirling

In serpentine twistings by royalty led.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

The day is approaching; its light is encroaching
On the time of the dancers, — already 'tis
dawn.

See! the mound has yawned wide — trooping in at
its side

With an echo of laughter, the fairies are gone!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

TINY FOLKS' JUBILEE

When twilight, like a misty veil,
Drops softly over hill and dale,
When proud the silvery moon so fair
Mounts silently her throne of air,
When lost in dreams, lie wood and lake,
'Tis then the fairy folk awake!

From fairyland, the realm of dreams,
O'er bridges built of moonlight beams,
O'er paths upon the glassy lake,
Through darksome glen and tangled brake,
This fairy band from elfland go
With footsteps light as falling snow.

In spots by mortal eyes ne'er seen,
Where mosses grow like carpets green,
Among the ferns and violets blue,
And blossoms fair of every hue,
Where glow-worms golden, fireflies bright,
Diffuse their tender misty light, —

There trip the gay and merry band
An airy dance of fairyland,
And whirl so lightly round and round,
Their twinkling feet scarce touch the ground —
Till, when the flush of dawn is seen,
They flee in clouds of golden sheen.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE FAYS' FROLIC

Lighted by the firefly's glimmer
And the summer moon's pale light,
By the mystic, winding river
There is revelry tonight.

Here, upon their reed-pipes playing,
Are the tiny elfin band,
And upon a toadstool sitting
Is the king of fairyland.

Guests arrive in dainty barges
Made of water-lily leaves;
For their sails are spread the cobwebs,
That the garden-spider weaves.

Merrily the hours are speeding,
See the gallants' swords shine bright,
While the ladies through their arches
Gaily trip with footsteps light.

But along the eastern horizon
Shows the faintest tinge of dawn,
And without a sign of warning
All the fairy troop are gone.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

SWEET LULLABY

Hushaby, baby, shut your eyes tight,
Around you is closing the dark, solemn night,
Above you the stars shed their silvery light,
Hushaby, hushaby, baby.

Hushaby, baby, the birds are in bed,
The breezes are rustling the trees overhead,
The foxes and hares to their burrows have fled,
Hushaby, hushaby, baby.

Hushaby, baby, some day very soon,
We too will take a trip up to the moon,
We'll taste Milky Way with your own silver spoon
Hushaby, hushaby, baby.

Hushaby, baby, we'll see the bright stars,
We'll visit them all from big Neptune to Mars,
We even will call on the Polar afar,
Hushaby, hushaby, baby.

Then we'll ride home on a comet's long tail,
We'll drink from the dipper as by it we sail,
Through Cloudland we'll fly over meadow and
dale,
Hushaby, hushaby, baby.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE WEAVERS

A tiny fairy messenger
Before a spider stood,
The former clothed in Lincoln green,
And on his head a hood.
“I come from Mab,” he said, “the queen
Who holds court in the wood.

“She wishes you to weave for her,
Upon the meadow green,
Three beautiful pavilions,
Full rich in silv’ry sheen.
And make these palaces with care,
Fit for the fairy queen.

“And gather at the dawn of day,
Dewdrops of crystal pure,
Make them the very prettiest
That you, sir, can secure.
Hang them about the palaces,
And that they’re fine, be sure.”

So spoke the fairy messenger,
Then quickly went away;
And each one of those castles fair
Was spun without delay.
And you may see them if you look
At dawn on some warm day.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE CHRIST IS BORN

Fall softly, ye clinging snowflakes, and change the
world to white,

And hide its stains, and make it pure; for the
Christ is born tonight!

Ye stars shine out in glory, and shed a holy light,
And flood the world with silver rays; for the
Christ is born tonight!

O moaning winds of winter, stay in your course,
be still!

Till the Christmas bells the tidings tell of peace
and God's good will.

And tossing, restless branches; bend low o'er the
ice-bound rill,

And wait till a whisper passes: "The Christ is
born! Good will!"

Then bells that bring glad tidings, ring out! Ring
loud! Ring long!

Lift up your golden voices to join the world's
great song.

'Tis a hymn of grand rejoicing to hail the Sav-
ior's birth;

O wild winds, carry the sound away to the utter-
most parts of the earth!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE URCHINS

Builted from a pile of sand,
Grew a castle tall and grand,
With its moat and winding stair,
And a turret here and there.
Standing guard beside the sea,
What could more imposing be?

From the shells and pebbles, too,
Kings and queens and princes grew.
This white pebble on the stair
Represents a lady fair;
And these tiny ones of gray;
Soldiers to the king are they.

Two and two they marching go,
Bravely forth to quell the foe.
Look! The enemy draws nigh,
How the shells and pebbles fly!
Terror-struck they turn and run,
So the victory is won.

'Cross the moat and through the door,
Back the soldiers come once more.
Soon the tide crept up and then,
Softly crept it back again.
And the castle tall and grand?
Pebbles in a pile of sand.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

TREASURE SEEKING

"Oh, will you tell me, sir?" she asked;

"I've hunted, all the day,
And have not found a single one,
And now I've lost my way.

"I want to find a little elf;
I've looked both high and low,
But I can't see a sign of one;
So pray, sir, do you know

"Where I can find one fast asleep,
And would you kindly tell?
They are not in the primrose buds
Or in the lily's bell.

"I've hunted in the buttercups,
And in the daisies white;
For they must be somewhere today —
I'm sure they danced last night.

"I've looked beneath the spiders' webs,
That dot the meadow green;
For I have heard they are the tents
Made for the fairy queen.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

“So will you please to tell me where
I'll find the elfin band?
For I have grown so very tired
In search of fairyland.”

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

IN THE MERMAID'S RETREAT

The moonlight danced on the waters blue, and the
 great round shining face
Of the golden moon smiled merrily upon the
 desolate place;
And the deep-blue sky bejeweled was with myriad
 worlds above,
And the planet of war in the east shone bright, in
 the west the planet of love.

On the shores of the murmuring rolling sea, in the
 light of the kindly moon,
I dreamed a dream of another world, from which
 I awoke too soon.
I thought that the voice of the deep dark sea was
 calling for me to come
And rest in its depths and live for aye in the fairy
 mermaid's home.

I saw the wonderful, fair sea-folk with their
 tresses of shining hue,
Which shone and sparkled like strands of gold in
 the dark of the water's blue;
And they beckoned for me to go with them and
 sport in the great blue sea,
And they sang of the joys of their ocean home as
 they stretched out their arms to me.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

And I followed them down to the sea-god's realm,
in the depths of the dark blue sea,
And everything there seemed so wonderful and so
beautiful to me.
Alas! soon the vision vanished from before my
enchanted sight,
And faded away as the light of day fades into the
dark of night.

The moon shone high in the starlit sky and the
planet of love was gone;
The vision had vanished forever and aye, and left
me there with the sea and sky
To think and to dream alone.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE MINUET

'T was in a forest deep and green,
Where stood old, hoary, moss-grown trees,
That stretched their leafy branches out,
And joined the murmuring of the breeze.

'T was on a still, dark summer night,
When silence lay on field and town,
When sleeping flowers drooped their heads,
And the silvery moon shone coldly down;

When out of the stillness grew a sound,
A strain of elfin music sweet,
And from the green-paved forest aisles
The pattering of tiny feet.

Out of the shadows deep they came
Into a moonlit forest glen,
Where the branches formed a leafy roof,
And the moss ne'er echoed the steps of men.

Each tiny fay was richly clad
In flower-petals bright and fair,
And dewdrop diamonds gleamed and flashed
On snowy throats and shining hair.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Then, while the nodding bluebells rang,
The fairies danced till the night was done, —
Till the wan moon sank behind the hills,
And the wee stars faded one by one.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

FLIRTATION

The Sun, the glorious King of Light,
Came riding toward the west;
Clad in his golden robes of state,
Oh, grandly was he dressed!

He saw the pretty maiden clouds
Who were in simple white;
And brightly then he smiled on them,
Which filled them with delight.

He gave them robes of palest pink,
Of yellow and of red;
And then the maidens gathered near
With "thank you's" to be said.

And nearer, nearer still they came,
To thank the King of Light;
Then, getting quite in front of him,
They shut him out of sight.

The Sun went down behind the clouds,
And left them hanging low;
With colored dresses streaming out,
They made a Sunset Glow.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

A HEART'S MYSTERY

There are many mysteries of the mind,
And nooks and crannies unexplored;
A "Treasure Island" in each life,
Where wondrous wealth is safely stored;
The harbor, "Day Dreams," is the port;
The only one where we may land,
And leisurely our treasures view
And feel the soul with awe expand.

We find the things we never knew,
And thoughts that never came before
Surprise us with their strength and grace,
And tempt us farther to explore.
While old ideas, in different form,
Lead into different trains of thought,
And vague suggestions of the mind
Into more definite shape are brought.

Before the mind's eye visions fair,
Of things before unseen, unheard,
Pass by, a panorama grand,
Until the heart is deeply stirred;
The mysteries of heart and mind
Are all laid bare, or so it seems,
But at no other time except
When one indulges in "day dreams."

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

OLD GLORY'S LAND

O land that standest fair and free,
Serene and safe from sea to sea,
Thy snow-capped mountains kiss the sky,
Thy plains in endless beauty lie;
O'er golden sands thy rivers shine,
Forest and rock and lake are thine;
All countries and all climes compete
To lay their treasure at thy feet.

Thy starry banner gleams afar,
On many seas thy white sails are;
And weary captives turn to thee
As to a hope and prophecy:
And with thy watchword, "Liberty."
God keep thee to thy mission true,
O fairest land the world e'er knew.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THY HEARTS ARE ONE

Britain's Isles, ye are fair, in the midst of thy
steel-circled waters,
With thy cliff-frowning coasts and thy storm-
crested billows which guard!
Strong thy ramparts, and stronger the soul of thy
sons and thy daughters,
Pledged to thee unto death, with a love which
no weakness has marred!

By the mighty Artificer's hand thy fair beauty
was fashioned —
Blue mountain and moorland, deep vales where
thy bright waters steal.
And deep in thy heart gleams the glow of thy
glory impassioned;
The soul of thy splendour in fervour the shadows
reveal.

Green-glowing and fair, silver-set, like an emerald
jewel
In the glitter of seas — lo, by ravage of sword
and of flame
Shall thy wealth be despoiled, or be flung to war's
furnace as fuel,
By hosts of an empire that fain would thy glory
defame?

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Be thine emblem the shamrock or harp, be it rose
or white heather,

Thy hearts are united, thine Armies are rallied
in line

'Neath one Ensign of Saints; strength and honor
are welded together —

“Defender of Faith,” the One Faith — be-
fore Cross, before Shrine.

Regent of Seas, trident-sceptred, with purple
robes sweeping,

Tradition hath crowned thee Defender of right
and of law!

The highways of ocean, war-conquered, thy
Fleet hath for keeping.

And famous the deeds of thy ships in the
archives of war!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE SONS OF GLORY

Oh, honour to those who went while the strife was
young,

Who went from a world still gay,
And, with never an "if" or a "but," to the conflict sprung

In a flash from their work or play —
Who were caught in the leaping tide of a fresh-loosed fount,

Crying "Here am I! All my own!"
In whom Hope slew Fear, and who stayed not the cost to count

As they rushed on the Thing Unknown!

But honour to those who now, when the strife
grows old

And the glamour is past and o'er,
When our hearts, turned sick, recoil from the sights unrolled

On the horrible screen of War —
Yes, honour to those who now, at the hour declared,

To their place in the ranks are come!
There are stones and stakes that can last — that can least be spared

If the house is to stand at home.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

So honour to him who stayed, from the field remote,

On the field where he most was due,
And who patient bore with the gibe at his old
black coat

While the rest were in Khaki new,
Who, like Atlas, stood, with his world on his
shoulders, there,

While the rest to the strife leapt free,
And whose thought runs — How is it now with
his world to fare

When the Voice saith, "I call for thee!"

Then honour to those who went while the strife
was young,

But honoured as well be they
Who quietly, gravely, unlauded, uncheered, unsung,

Make them ready to go today —
Who stood in the rear, a silent reserve of pow'r —
Who, yielding their utmost, so,
At call of their duty, stayed, and, when strikes
the hour,

At call of their duty go!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

A SLUMBER SONG

Slumber and sleep for the cloudless West
Blushes "Good night," to the drowsy sun!
Merrily, over the wave's bright crest,
Home glide the fishing-boats one by one;
Birdies are safe in their leafy nest,
Flowers are folding — the day is done.

Slumber and sleep, while the evening star
Gleams in the West with a cold clear light!
Over the valleys and hills afar
Duskily falls the dim veil of night,
E'en though the moon in her silver car,
Floods the world wide with a radiance bright.

Slumber and sleep, for the birds are still,
Rocked into rest on the leafy tree!
Only the wind sings over the hill,
Singing a song to the sighing sea;
Languidly murmurs the drowsy rill,
Gliding along through the flowery lea.

Slumber and sleep, while your cradle swings
Languidly, easily, to and fro!
Each light breeze through the window brings
Perfume so sweet from the flow'rs below;
Over your bed, on the night-wind's wings,
Ever the sweet scents come and go.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

DAISY DREAMING

Ah, what do you dream about,
Blue-eyed Princess mine,
While the golden stars without
On your slumber shine?

Do you hear the angels sing
Some celestial rhyme?
Do you hear the bluebells ring
In a silver chime?

Do you see the fairies dance
On the circled grass?
Do you see Titania glance
Where the moonbeams pass?

Such a smile is on your face
That I well might guess
Fairyland shows you its graces,
Heav'n its happiness!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

SEAFARERS

Drifting to Shadowland,
 Drifting to sleep,
Silver wings zephyr-fanned out on the deep!
 Evening lights softly shed
 Crimson of roses red
 Over thy cradle-bed —
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

Fear not, my little one,
 Mists on the sea —
Out to the dawn a-sail, seafarers we!
 Yet in thine eyes it seems
 More than earth's radiance gleams —
 Oh, baby, why thy dreams
 Hidden from me?

Sailing to Shadowland,
 Sailing afar,
Out from the sunset strand, under night's star!
 Lilies thy hands entwine —
 Lo, in Heav'n's light divine
 Sleepest thou — only mine
 Night's shadows are!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE COMING MAN

Today I'm just a little boy. I always go to school;
I try to do my very best, and never break the rule.
But what I am most proud of is, that, acting like a
man,
I never say, "I cannot," but I try to think I can.

Tomorrow will be dawning soon. To manhood
I'll be grown;
I want to be a hero with a name that will be
known
Through all the world. I wish to be a brave and
great, good man,
To never say, "I cannot," but to think, perhaps,
I can.

But as for my companions here, they laugh me
quite to scorn;
"You never will a hero be when dawns tomor-
row's morn!"
But yet, although they say I will be a great, good
man,
I never say, "I cannot," but I try to think I can.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

I can if I do what is right, and always leave the
wrong;

I can if I try hard enough, and my desire is strong;
And all through life's struggle, I shall try to be a
man,

And never say, "I cannot," when I think, per-
haps, I can.

Except in times of evil, when to good we are not
true,

In times when we are so perplexed we don't know
what to do;

Then, when I'm asked to do some wrong, I'll
answer like a man,

And always say, "I cannot," even though I
think I can.

So I shall base tomorrow on the ground I base to-
day,

And always I'll be careful in whate'er I do or say.
And when I'm asked to do some good, I'll answer,
like a man,

I'll never say, "I cannot," when there is one
chance I can.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

AFTER THE RAIN

The welcome summer rain has passed away,
The royal sun reigns o'er blue realms once more;
Though here and there a patch of sober gray
Reminds us of the storm so lately o'er.
The queenly rose resumes her native grace,
And shakes the rain-drops from her blushing
cheek;
The pure, white bindweed lifts her happy face,
And turns toward the sun with glances meek.
'Neath heaven's blue canopy soft breezes pass,
On scented wings, still sweetening as they move,
And whisper to the happy meadow grass,
And happier flowers their tale of changeless love
And birds burst forth the freshened woods
among,
Lark, merle, and robin in a gush of song.

So when the rain of grief has passed away,
And joy's glad sun has made life's picture fair —
Though in the firmament some tints of gray,
Some pleading fears and galling doubts may
share —
Then rosy pleasures hand in hand arise,
And summon pride to lay the dead past low,
And pure, white hope looks up with happy eyes,
As if on earth were no such thing as woe.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Then dreams and yearnings o'er the future years
 Spring into being from the busy brain,
And wondrous fabrics fairy fancy rears,
 Peopled with forms as beautiful as vain,
And melodies where hope and love take part,
 Ring through and through the chambers of the
 heart.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

A WOODLAND SONG

A mist still lies on the distant hills,
And the dew is on the rose;
The song-birds carol their joyous trills,
And the East with the sunrise glows
As I pass down the shaded woodland path,
Where the early morning air
Is filled with the Linnæa's fragrant breath,
That tells of its presence there.
And the rippling brook that winds along
Through gardens of Nature's art,
Re-echoes the clear and joyous song
That rises from my heart.

And hand in hand with fancy,
With idle thoughts and dreams,
Through woodland aisles I wander on
By tranquil, murmuring streams.
For the sweetest hours of vacation's rest,
And placid Elysian ease,
Are those I spend near Nature's breast,
With flowers and birds and trees.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

FIRST ZEPHYRS

Airs of Spring!
Sway and swing,
Free and fling
The scarce unfurled green banners of the trees!
Playful breeze!
Toss and tease,
Loose and seize
The curling plumed white pennons of the clouds
Now straying, and now scampering in crowds
Across the blue,
Alive with you,
Airs of Spring!

Airs of Spring!
Stir and sting,
Will and wing.
Out to the light all joys in that man that flow
Ere he know,
Longings slow,
Fires that glow
And blossom suddenly in deeds of flame,
Sure of their right to be, sure of their aim;
Man's might make new,
More live than you,
Airs of Spring!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

TO A VIOLET

Flower, your petals unfold,
Now that the sun is a-shining,
Winter is over; be bold —
Flower, your petals unfold,
Show us your center of gold.
Show us its velvety lining.
Flower, your petals unfold,
Now that the sun is a-shining.

Hasten your heart to unfold;
Sun cannot ever be shining,
Air may grow foggy and cold;
Hasten your heart to unfold;
You may grow withered and old.
Vain would be then your repining.
Hasten, your heart to unfold;
Sun cannot ever be shining.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

YOUTH AND AGE

The young folk laugh and play in the sun,
The old folk sit by the fire and dream;
For those 'tis the glory of June begun,
For these 'tis the sunset's lingering gleam.

The young wave rises so fearless and free,
The spent wave breaks with a moan on the shore;
Tall midst its leaves stands the gay green tree,
The old is fallen — 'T will blossom no more.

Sweet is the time when the roses blow,
And the blackbirds sing in the swaying leaves.
Cold is the winter with storm and with snow,
And the wind wails sadly in autumn eves.

Soundeth it mournfully — sadly? And yet
Travail and sorrow come surely to all!
There is but one sun that shall never set,
There is but one joy that shall never pall.

Sing, O bright youth, in the turquoise light,
But know that the playtime of youth must
cease!

Fear not, O age, the swift oncoming night,
Only so live that it fold you in peace.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

SILVERY RAINDROPS

In the shadow of the evening,
Falling on the window pane,
Dashing, racing, mingling, chasing,
Come the silvery drops of rain;

Leaving tiny wakes behind them,
Like the comets in the sky,
Or, like tiny stems of flowers,
Making bouquets as they fly.

Now the twilight turns to daylight;
And the sun comes smiling out;
Where are now the silvery raindrops
That the winds have blown about?

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

LITTLE LAMBKIN

Can you tell me who has brought you,
Who has made you, who has taught you
All the wistful love you bring —

Through the night of doubt and sorrow,
Like the spirit of tomorrow;
Like the first flow'r in the Spring?

All the bitter skies are weeping,
All the tired woods are sleeping,
When your sweet eyes smiled at me —

From a sky too dark for snowing,
From a night too deep for blowing —
Cooing from Eternity.

Was the journey long behind you?
Did you guess that I should find you,
Little face so like a rose?

Sweetest end to love's sweet story,
Tiny spray of God's great glory,
How we love you no one knows!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Nobody could guess, win at guessing,
Half the solace, half the blessing,
That you brought that day.

Now your presence throws a sweetness,
With Heav'n's rare and true completeness,
O'er a world of gray!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

EVENING

When gentle Night her purpling robe o'er all
The throbbing, heated city softly draws,
When cooling winds fan out the sultry air,
And the Dream angel smiles from Heaven above;
Then, when the white sleep-portals open wide,
And the great world slips far away beyond,
Before closed eyes the half-lit pathway lies,
And Dusk stands beckoning to the Land of
Dream.

Beside the way tall, nodding poppies grow,
Loading the air with drowsy, scented breath;
And wearied crowds seek there forgetfulness —
But on the mountain-side the air blows free,
And slender fawns slip through the silvered path;
Dew diamonds hang on every shaking leaf,
And spiders' webs shine silver in the way;
Among the lichen, on a rotted stump,
The glow-worms shine, the lamps that light the
way;
Till, stealing through the hush of scented pines,
The ridge is reached, and stretching down below,
Lies, wrapt in mist, the Wonderful Beyond.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

DREAMLETS

There is an island far away
Where I should love to go, —
The Isle of Dreams, — the road to it
All little babies know.

It lies within the Lake of Sleep,
So pretty, soft, and green;
A tiny boat runs to and fro,
Steered by the Slumber Queen.

And on this isle a lady dwells —
Sweet Lady of Repose;
And every day with poppy seeds
Her garden green she sows.

So, when the babies come at night,
Each one may pick the flowers;
And from the poppy-beds she shakes
Sweet little dreams in showers.

And so they wake, with lovely tales
Of what they've dreamt all night,
When snuggled in her sheltering arms,
All safe from harm and bright.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE WITCHING HOUR

The fairies' own time is the twilight —
 'Tis the sweet gloaming hour that's most dear —
Then they come from the old books enchanted
 And sit on the hearthstone — quite near;
And, if you will speak to them softly
 They will tell you of wonderful things,
And show you their glittering tresses
 And beautiful butterfly wings.

They will dance with the gathering shadows,
 And sing to you low as they dance,
Till your young hearts have melted in silence
 That seems the whole world to entrance;
They will whisper wild stories in music
 Like to rippling of waters in June —
Wild stories of terrible monsters
 That travel afar when 't is noon
To snatch up the loveliest of children
 That wander from home far away
To gather her pale starry primroses,
 Or bunches of rosy-cheeked may.

They will tell you of haunts in the forest
 That they dance in each midsummer night
When the moon's at the full, and its radiance
 Is flooding the woodlands with light —

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Of the dear fairy rings 'mong the clover,
Of the gray mists that hover around,
And how bells of the foxglove ring softly
When fairies run swift o'er the ground —
How the cups of the exquisite lilies
Are the houses they sleep in at night,
And the petals of bramble-rose crimson
The curtains to hide the starlight.

They will give you bright dreams to go with you—
Through the years that are waiting for you —
Dreams fair as the violet flowers
When touched by the crystalline dew;
They will breathe in your ears fairy nonsense
And weave you a mystical charm
That shall keep you wherever you wander
Afar from misfortune and harm.

The fairies' own time is the twilight —
'Tis the sweet gloaming hour that's most dear—
Then they come from the old books enchanted
And sit on the hearthstone — quite near;
And, if you will speak to them softly
They will tell you of wonderful things,
And show you their glittering tresses
And beautiful butterfly wings.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

EMIGRATION

Oh, the racing and the chasing of the leaves!
Rustling hurly-burly o'er the lawn;
 Rising, falling, wheeling, sliding,
 Into byways stealing, hiding;
Seeking crowds that just before have gone.
Oh, the pacing, racing, chasing, of the leaves!

Oh, the hurry and the flurry of the leaves!
Piling up like grains in sandy drift;
 Then like ocean-spray dissolving,
 Running, rioting, revolving,
Every little wriggler for himself a-shift.
Oh, the lifting, drifting, shifting, of the leaves!

Oh, the antics of the frantic little leaves!
Playing rustic games with wildest glee;
 O'er each other gaily vaulting,
 Plunging, pushing, somersaulting,
Little leaves bewildered, gay and free,
Oh, the rustling, hustling, bustling, of the leaves!

Oh, the huddles and the muddles of the leaves!
Like a cloud of swallows in the street;
 Standing with their wings a-flutter,
 How they scold and crowd and mutter,
Then away they skurry light and fleet.
Oh, the hurry, skurry, flurry, of the leaves!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE PATTERN

We are weaving the threads of our life-web,
 Day by day;
And its colors are sometimes sombre,
 Sometimes gay;
For we dye it with every passing thought,
With our words and deeds is the pattern wrought.

The pattern will grow into likeness
 Of our creed;
If the thought be loving and tender,
 Fair the deed,
It glows with a beauty rich and rare,
And its fadeless colors are passing fair.

But, alas! it is interwoven
 Oft with sin;
And the sombre thread of an evil thought
 Is woven in;
The pattern is marred as the shuttles fly,
And the colors fade as the days go by.

We are weaving our webs for eternity,
 Day by day;
If we make the pattern beautiful —
 As we may —
The Master-weaver will, one by one,
Bless the glowing colors, and say, "Well done!"

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Our weaving days will be over
 By and by,
And the busy shuttles motionless
 And silent lie;
God grant that each weaver may do his best,
That his finished fabric may stand the test!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE ENCHANTED CITY

Come in the hour when the daylight fades
And the lamps are lit in the green arcades —
The glow-worm lamps and the dewdrops bright
All strung like stars in the moon's clear light —
And here you shall mingle and pass along
The fairy streets with the fairy throng.

Yonder, all shadowed and cool and fair,
Is the sanctuary where the nuns at pray'r
Are the white-robed lilies whose innocent eyes
Are pure with the visions of Paradise,
And solemn and sweet is the wind's low psalm
In the cloistered silence of evening calm.

And yonder — with leafy dome and spire —
A-thrill with Æolian harp and lyre
And the silver music of hidden rills,
Is the dancing-hall of the daffodils,
And the hall where the roses of June-tide hail
The exquisite song of the nightingale.

And list! From the stream where the moon-rays
 glance,
And flicker and whirl like a fire-fly dance,
Flutes the wind in the reeds like the pipes of Pan,
With the same sweet sound since the world began,
To lure your feet over moor and fell
To the golden meadows of Asphodel.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

And here for awhile you shall leave behind
The things that trouble your heart and mind,
And the beautiful thoughts that your child-heart
knew

In the fairy hour shall come back to you,
And your soul shall be one with the peace that lies
O'er the dreaming earth and the dreaming skies!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

BIRD SONGS

MORNING

I walked in the woods in the morning,
And I saw the fairy lace
That the spiders had spun in the moonlight
As a veil for the fairy's face;
And the dewdrops sparkled like jewels,
And the birds sang in the trees,
And the flowers held up their dainty heads
With honey for the bees.

NOON

I roamed in the woods at noon-time,
But the fairy lace was gone!
And the jewels that sparkled brightly
Were stolen by the sun.
The bees hummed cheerfully to the brook,
As they both went on their way;
And for the creatures of the woods
It was a happy day.

EVENING

I walked in the woods at twilight,
When all was hushed and still
But the hooting owls, and the brooklet,
And the voice of the whip-poor-will.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

I felt so very happy
That I could do no wrong;
For God, like the stars, was watching,
And helped me make this song.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

PRECIOUS THOUGHTS

I like to think of Him when at twilight the tide
 lies low,
And the boats slip out from the beach with meas-
 ured oar and slow,
I like to think how He walked on the shore of
 Galilee,
And saw with the eyes of the Christ the common
 things we see.

I like to think of Him when the sunrise colors
 spread
Over a world that has seemed sleeping and still
 and dead,
How at Gennesaret they flashed over His wan,
 brave face,
Taking the dark night out, putting God in its
 place.

I like to think of Him as I walk each walk of life,
How His eyes looked straight at God, how His
 hands cured sin and strife,
I like to dream of Him when the night is cool and
 still,
Brother and Friend and Christ, Deed of a perfect
 will.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

CASTLE LAND

In the fields of night there were fairies white, and
up in the blue, blue sky,
On a bank of stars, there were fairy-cars, in the
light of the moon going by;
And I longed to race, with the wind in my face,
up there, but the wish was vain,
For old nurse said, as she shook her head, "You
are building castles in Spain!"

In the firelight gleam I used to dream of the grown-
up world away
In the far-off years, and I had no fears for the
future great and gay,
For the life-way old had a glow of gold from the
gate of the sunrise land,
And "the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts," and the wise cannot understand.

And now, sometimes, as in elfin chimes, through
the hurry and rush and roar,
The child-songs sweet and the visions fleet steal
back to my heart once more.
I'm a woman — yes, yet I fail to guess life's puzzle
of joy and pain,
And my dreams still wait at the golden gate of the
castles I built in Spain.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

LITTLE REDMEN

There's a play-house by the hemlock,
Where the woods are dark and still;
There's a shanty by the "deep hole,"
And a fortress on the hill.

There's a bonfire in the woodland,
And the branches overhead,
Crackling as the flames rise higher,
Start the rabbit from his bed.

And the war-whoop from the valley,
Where the underbrush is deep,
Tells that spring has filled the forest
And the world is not asleep.

There is laughter from the meadow,
From the thicket dark and dense;
There are sounds of childish laughter
From the wigwam by the fence.

Oh, the whole wide world is laughing,
In the balmy springtime haze,
To the hearts that know not sorrow
In the happy childhood days!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

PEACEFUL NIGHT

Sunset! The orb of gold dips in the evening mist.

Colors arise and gild the darkening skies

With rose and amethyst.

Globules of light change all the sea-foam white,

Into a path of gold.

O mortal eyes! canst still His glory see, and yet
not blinded be?

For God a glimpse of heaven shows to thee

At ebbing tide.

Twilight! The gilded clouds fade swiftly into
pearl;

The sun departs, yet thrusts its rosy darts
Into the purple swirl.

Gold light spurts forth, — and dies, spraying the
eastern skies

With coral and with gold.

O lovely sea! the smile of God is mirrored deep
in thee,

That man His countenance again may see,

At ebbing tide.

Evening! The blue grows deep, and from the
farthest precincts of the sky

A flick'ring light, one tiny silver lantern in the
night,

Glimmers and twinkles in the heavens high.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Deep in the ocean deep, where she has lain asleep,
The moon arises, silvery and bright.
What sweeter way could God's great love for thee
described be,
Than this soft miracle of sky and sea
At ebbing tide?

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

BABY'S WARDROBE

Only a little stocking,
Only a well worn-shoe;
Only a little golden curl
Tied with a ribbon blue.
Just a little broken doll
With which she loved to play;
Only a little empty cot
Where once my darling lay.
Only these cherished relics
Of her I loved so well.
Only a mother's broken heart
The sad, sad tale to tell.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE RISING NATIONS

In the land of ice and snow,
There we find the Eskimo.
Living in a hut of ice
Which he thinks is very nice.

Then in far Japan we find
Children of another kind.
Yellow faces, jet-black hair,
What a cunning little pair!

Gretel, from the Netherlands,
Rosy cheeks, and dimpled hands.
Velvet skirts, and shoes of wood,
Flaxen curls and linen hood.

On Yick, a Chinese is he.
Feeds on small rice cakes and tea.
Flying kites, the livelong day,
Is, in China, a great play.

In our own great Native Land,
Children are a mighty band.
Golf and tennis; foot-ball, too!
We have many things to do.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Children here, and children there.
Children playing everywhere;
Either climate, cold or warm,
Children there are sure to swarm.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

O little, flashing firefly,
Flitter, flutter, guide me by,
Past the horned owl so grim,
Past the shadows, wavering dim.

Lead me, by your tiny light,
Down the hill and through the night,
O'er the wall, until we come
To the mystic, fairy home.

Elves and fairies hurry here,
Guided by the lights so clear.
From the shadows comes the queen,
Sparkling in her satin green.

All the fireflies form a row,
Swaying, swinging, to and fro;
With the frogs, the cricket choir
Lift their voices, soaring higher.

Loved and honored, just and fair,
Queen of fairies, follow there,
Torches light her mossy way.
Dance along, O sprites so gay.

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THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Thus they dance the long night through,
Till the moon is pale in hue,
Till the fireflies' torches wane,
And the owls wing home again.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE PAGEANT

Oh, ships, that lie at anchor,
The port at last is won!
While the evening star gleams out afar,
And sounds the sunset gun,
At peace ye are in haven;
Secure and free from care,
Nor brooding dove, nor raven,
Disturbs your vigils there.

In cloudland's gorgeous splendor
The crimson fires delay,
A pageant fair, beyond compare,
Attends the dying day;
The waters calm that bound ye
Are all with sunbeams sown,
And the ripples sparkle round ye
As if with jewels strewn.

Yet soon shall come the parting —
Many to sail afar
At the dawn of day will steal away —
Across the sandy bar;
For some with toil must measure
Their share of daily bread;
And some in search of pleasure
Their fluttering pinions spread.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

O ships! ye set me musing
On other scenes of bliss,
Where, to longing eyes, a haven lies,
In a lovelier land than this;
O ships! in the harbor lying,
Type of that heaven to me,
Where come nor storms, nor sighing,
And souls shall anchored be.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE FAVORITE

Nature's the teacher, patient learner, I;
Where'er I turn, her unnumbered glories shine;
She greets me in the morn, when thrushes
sing,
When hearts are light and all birds on the
wing,
And in the mellow afternoon's decline,
When shadows creep along the sunlit sky.

Nature's the singer, earnest listener, I,
I hear her voice amid the streamlet's play,
Or sometimes when the wind, with hollow
roar,
Runs softly through the reeds along the
shore;
And in the sea's eternal roundelay,
Or in the night-owls' shrill and piercing cry.

Nature's the artist, the observer, I;
'T is she who paints the rose a blushing red,
And all the leaves and meadows emerald,
when
The springtime comes, to gladden us again,
And in the dewy morn when Night is fled,
She weaves a golden veil about the sky.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE INFANT

Flowers and leaves from the Dreamland Tree
Fall on the baby's eyes.
What does he hear and what does he see,
As in my arms he lies?

Every leaf carries a picture too fair
For any but babies to see.
Tales told by the flowers are sweeter by far
Than any of Mamma's can be.

Gentle sleep paints all the pictures so bright,
Teaches each blossom a tale,
Then on the little sweet slumbering eyes
Scatters the flowery hail.

Smile follows smile over tender red lips,
Breathing is soft and low;
How fair the stories and pictures are,
Only the babies know.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE SKY GARDEN

The great sky is a garden fair,
And in the velvet gloom,
At night, among the meadows there,
The starry flowers bloom.

The forget-me-not and violet
Are stars so very small
That often one must look and look,
To see them there at all.

The lovely rose-star blossoms near
The sunflower bold and bright;
The buttercup and daisy stars
Wink saucily all night.

The red moon is the gardener
Who tends the starry lawn,
And smiles benignly o'er it all
Until the break of dawn.

And so they blossom all night through,
And never, never die; —
These myriads of flowers
In the garden of the sky.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE GREAT MAGICIAN

Veiled in chaos grey, designing
Precious gifts for worlds unborn,
Allah dreamed the wonder-lights of cloudland,
Dreamed and loved them into life.
And so fair great Allah found them,
Half regret their transience stirred,
Till the mighty Dream fulfiller
Thus in self-communing spoke: —

“Ah! so fleeting are my beauties,
Blazoned over cloudland fair,
I will give their tints to blossoms,
All the summertide to wear.

“Weave the damask flush of day-break
Through thy velvet petals, rose;
Poppies, wear the day’s last flame of crimson,
Fleur-de-lis, its purple close.
Saffron-bright, the grey cloud’s lining,
Dye thy petals, marigold;
And the watchet hue of unflecked heavens,
Pale forget-me-nots, unfold.

“Still so fleeting,” whispered Allah,
“Under autumn’s frosty breath,
All my tender blossoms losing color
Wear the cerements of death.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Once again I'll weave their color
Into forms less fugitive;
Every petal tint in birdland plumage,
Winning longer life, shall live."

Flaming ensigns, then, of flower-land
Bore the woodland birds away;
Scarlet tanager unfurled the poppy's,
Blue-bird waved the hare-bells gay;
Signor Oriole was robed
Richly a la marigold;
Every bright-hued blossom saw its favors
Worn by winged, lovers bold.

Still long moons the winter hid them,
Banished gay-clad bird and song.
"Yet another life-lease," quoth great Allah,
"Must my color joys prolong."

Gems and jewels then he tinted,
Rivaled bird and blossoms hue;
Dyed the amethyst in aster purple,
Gentian matched in sapphire blue;
Buttercups re-shone in amber,
Peonies in rubies gleamed;
Star-flowers twinkled fairer still in diamonds,
Pearls like blushing lilies seemed.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Then spake Allah, glory lighting
All the space his presence filled,
"While the earth lasts, be your gleam eternal,
I have wrought the thing I willed."

Out of dream-light into dawning
Wonder-rapt my senses stole.
Was the incarnation wrought for colors
Through the ages wrought for soul?

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

SLEEP

When stars gleam out in the evening skies
And flowers are hanging their weary heads,
We journey off to a distant land,
As the little ones rock in their cradle beds.

We glide through the twilight of Drowsy Lane,
Where weary white eyelids drop softly down
And cover the light of the merry eyes
That are blue and hazel and gray and brown.

We reach the valley of Half-Awake,
Where the shadows ever so lightly fall,
And come to the dusk-veiled Bridge of Doze,
Where giant Dreams are the warders tall.

And then, as the little heads nod and sway
And lower and lower sink slowly down,
We come to the wonderful Land of Sleep
And enter its city, fair Slumber-town.

The stars are the golden lamps that light
The vision-paved streets of that city fair,
And lullabies are the music sweet
That softly falls on the drowsy air.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

And white-winged dreamlets like angels float
Above the spot where the children sleep,
And whisper them tales of wondrous things
As they rock them off into slumber deep!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE MOON OF THE HOUR

We came from the Land of the Setting Sun
To the Land of the Rising Moon;
When all the glory of day was done,
And a hush was over the earth, while one
Lone little star peeped out too soon.

In a boat with silver sails we came,
On a sea of aquamarine;
Behind, the sky was all aflame;
Before, the ruler of night — our aim —
Rose, a majestic queen —

An orange moon in a purple sky,
Slowly she rose from the sea
At the prow of our boat. My love and I
Steered from the Land of Things Gone By
To the Land of What Is To Be.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE MAGIC SHIP

I dreamt as I lay on the golden sand,
 With the heaven's blue stretching above;
And the waves sang a song that no heart could
 withstand,
 It was so overflowing with love.

I dreamt that I saw a beautiful ship
 Being blithely blown over the sea;
And the masts were of gold and the sails were of
 silk,
 And there it lay waiting for me.

As I stepped aboard my beautiful barge,
 There appeared fairies three;
One went to the bow, and one went aloft,
 And the sweetest one steered for me.

They sang me a song, a beautiful song,
 That mingled its notes with the sea,
Till it reached the Isle of Eternal Joy
 And Endless Melody.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE LINGERING DAY

Just at the close of day, when earth and sun
Meet for one blazing moment heart to heart, —
One farewell kiss before he passes on, —
The golden light still lingers, loath to part.
Then come the great world's busy workers home;
Bees seek their hives, the little birds their nest;
The reaper and his horses, flecked with foam,
Find cheery welcome and a grateful rest.

There, as the twilight deeps to purple gloom,
Gathers the little brood about his knee.
Over the garden and the apple-bloom
Breath of the flowers is wafted soothingly.
Happily then the triumphs of the day
Pass in review. To-morrow's plans are laid.
Now song and story while the time away,
And as the angelus chimes a simple prayer is
said.

So, when the sun of active life dips low,
Leaving thee naught but golden memory,
Dearer by far than all but thee can know,
Call not thy life old age, but let it be
Only an hour between the dark and day
To raise thy weary head, and, breathing deep,
To feel the triumph of a task well done,
And find thy God before thou fall asleep.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

BABY BLOSSOM

The sandman is coming, coming, coming;
Slowly, but surely, he's coming along;
Softly he's humming, humming, humming
To put you to sleep with his cradle song.

Then he will lift you, lift you, lift you
In his arms as light as a thistleblow;
And then he will drift you, drift you, drift you
In his boat to the island where dreamlets grow.

Then he will shake you, shake you, shake you
A wee, pretty dream from the golden tree;
Then he will take you, take you, take you
And carry you safely back to me.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

TWILIGHT

Twilight and a silent river,
Silver, fading into gray,
Lilac lights that burn and quiver,
Burn, and glow, and fade away
In the still heart of the river.

Cobweb spans and elfin arches
Looming strangely through the dusk;
Breezes sighing in the larches,
Roses sweeter far than musk,
Stars that glimmer through the arches.

Twilight and a silent river,
Silver gray and veiled in mist;
Lilac lights that burn and quiver;
Sky of dusky amethyst
Arching o'er the mist-spanned river.

Fairy-land with strange lights gleaming,
Land of vision and of dream,
Strange, indeed, thy mystic seeming, —
Strange thy fairy-haunted stream,
Strange thy dim star's distant gleaming.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

INSPIRATION

The things of every day are all so sweet;
The morning meadows wet with dew,
The dance of daisies in the noon, the blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,
The night with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
Oh! life — the whole of life — is far too fleet,
The things of every day are all so sweet.

The common things of life are all so dear,
The waking in the warm half-gloom
To find again the old familiar room.
The scents and sights and sounds that never tire,
The homely work, the plans, the lilt of baby's
laugh,
The crackle of the open fire,
The waiting, then the footsteps coming near,
The opening door, the hand clasp and the kiss.
Is heaven not, after all, the now and here?
The common things of life are all so dear.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

BEYOND

Shall we go, you and I, to the land of Never-More
And pluck again the flowers in the sunshine of that
shore?

There's the happy home of childhood, there our
dear ones for us wait,

There are joy and health and youth; but an angel
guards the gate!

Alas, alas, our eyes are dim, hearts faint, and
footsteps sore —

We cannot cross the gulf that lies 'twixt us and
Never-More!

Shall we go, you and I, to the land of Might-Have-
Been?

Never eye beheld such beauty, never was such
glory seen!

There the good we meant to do and the hopes of
long ago

Stand ready for our gaining; there our unborn
blossoms blow.

What we longed for there is ours; but a black mist
drops between —

We shall never find the mirage-land, the lovely
Might-Have-Been!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Shall we go, you and I, to the land of Far-Away?
It lies beyond the coming night, beyond the dying
day.

There 'wait us all the glory and the joy we never
had;

There is water for the thirsting, and laughter for
the sad;

There the pure await the patient; you and I, be-
loved, may

Press onward to the happiest land — the land of
Far-Away!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE JAPANESE COURTSHIP

Little dream-home in the vale of Kumaria,
Shrouded in mists from the sea;
Realm of the rose and the scented wistaria,
Lovely tonight must thou be.
Fuji, the snow-capped, moon-silvered mountain,
Guardeth my small paradise;
Frail little insect stars spangle the fountain,
Dewy-winged fireflies.

Little dream-home, where the moon's opalescence
Shimmers afar down the vale,
What thinks my love, in the soft iridescence
Listing the wild nightingale?
Sweetest of dwellings, the heart of Wistaria
Calls me to her and to thee;
Soon shall the mists o'er the vale of Kumaria
Fold round my home and me!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

ROSES

Roses, roses everywhere
In the merry month of June!
On the perfume-laden air
Comes to us the song-bird's tune.
Roses by the castle tall,
Roses by the crumbling wall,
Roses, roses now for all,
Roses everywhere!

Roses red and roses white,
Pink and yellow, too;
Red ones for the brown-eyed girls,
White ones for the blue.

Roses blooming by the way,
Brought to us by sunny June;
Oh, enjoy them while you may;
Winter comes, alas! too soon.
Roses sweet beyond compare,
Roses for the pure and fair,
Roses here and roses there,
Roses everywhere!

Roses red and roses white,
Pink and yellow, too;
Red ones for the brown-eyed girls,
White ones for the blue.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

A REVERIE

There is a charm that lies in the fading light,
In evening glories and in autumn leaves,
The sweet, still air that bathes the world at night,
The golden beauty of the Harvest Sheaves.

There is a wistful longing in the sky
Whose azure blue is flecked with shining gold,
So bright with fragrant fragments of the world on
high,
Or pale with dying cloudlets gray and cold.

There is a charm in youth that calms each fear,
Braves all troubles, scorning every care;
There is a joyous zest that mocks each tear
When hope is young and all the world so fair.

There is a happy peace that rests o'er age,
And gently smoothes the furrowed brow of Time
That softly turns the last remaining page,
And passes, with the Soul, Death's boundary
line.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

MISS SPRINGTIME

The moon, like a ship of silver,
Sails o'er blue leagues of air,
Full of the subtlest fragrance
From a spring world, hidden and fair,
That sleeps like a princess enchanted
In a palace, costly and rare.

Hasten, O fairy hero,
Enter the Forest of Dreams;
Whisper the flowers are budding;
Hearken the flow of the streams;
Waken her fully; 't is springtime,
Lovely with shadows and gleams!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE TEMPLE

I built to music; what I wrought seemed beautiful
and fair and strong —
A pleasure house I planned in thought, and
cheered my labors with a song.
A palace for my heart it was, and all things lovely
it should hold;
I could not dream that life should pass save gaily,
in my house of gold.

But evening came, and darkness fell; the sunset
faded, music died.
Would that my heart had builded well. In vain
my eyes sought far and wide.
The palace with its gleaming walls, its blossoming
gardens, rich and rare gay,
Its gilded roof, its sculptured halls, had vanished
with the twilight gray.

Then through the night I built again, in silence,
on the mountain-crest;
Through all the darkness and the rain I labored
still, nor sought for rest.
I toiled as one in a dream may toil, nor think to
understand;
I waited for the dawn's first gleam to show me
what my grief had planned.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Day came; the slow-revolving hours of night were
done; day came at last.

On marble walls and lofty towers the bright sun
shone. I stood aghast

Too wondrous, this, for heart or mind! Beneath
dark Sorrow's great control,

Through Suffering's night, though I was blind,
Grief built a temple for my soul!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

NATURE'S CHILD

Oh, I am a child of the country, and I love not the
cities grim,
My heart is akin to the wild things, and the wood-
lands vast and dim
Where the winds and the brook make music, and,
faint from his cool retreat,
Comes the voice of the thrush at even, in a ma-
drigal wild and sweet.

Oh, I am a child of the country, and the orchard
knows my tread
When the boughs shine white with blossoms, and
the buds lie pink and red.
And hand in hand, in the moonlight, go my soul's
beloved and I;
And we need no words to question, no words to
make reply.

Oh, I am a child of the country, and I love the
fields at morn,
Where the air comes fresh and fragrant, and the
joy of the day is born;
Loud carols the cheerful robin to the linnet over
the way,
And the growing things, and the birds, and I wel-
come the dawn of day.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE NEW PEOPLE

Were you e'er on the beach o' Be-Lazy Bay
Where the Hobbledy-Hopes hop out o' the spray,
With laughing and smiling and ways so beguiling,
That make you feel gladsome with glee?
Now a Hobbledy-Hope is a creature, you know,
Who says he will take you where'er you will go
In the country called Happy Hope-ee.

And the Hobbledy-Hopes say that Hope-ee is
where
Those fine castles are that you built out of air,
On hilltops commanding, in real marble standing,—
Whatever you've wished for is there! "
There are gardens and green glades and glimpses
of sea,
And in front of each house grows a laurel-wreath
tree;
There no one will say: "You are dreaming all
day," —
In the country of Happy Hope-ee.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Each Hobbledy-Hope has a little Half Hour,
A boat that keeps sailing in sunshine or shower;
You watch the winds veering, the rigging, the
sheering,

As they bound o'er the billows of Be-Working-
Sea;

Then a Hobbledy-Hope he will course you away
From the Be-Loafing-Beach of that Be-Lazy Bay
To the country of Happy Hope-ee.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

RING, SCOTTISH BELLS

Toll, bluebells, toll —
Toll for the fallen brave who fell for Scotland —
toll!
The Junetide woods are sweet, but they
Who loved them best are far away.
Toll for the passing of the brave —
For those on whose untimely grave
No flow'r will lift its Springtide light!
In threnody o'er pine-clad height
Ring sorrow for our nation's loss —
The heroes of the Sword and Cross.
Toll curfews o'er the shadowed grass
For dreams of youth, for hopes which pass.
Peal through the haunt of bird and leaf
The passion-music of our grief —
The requiem of the fallen brave who died for
Scotland — toll!

Ring, bluebells, ring —
Ring the fame of those who died for Scotland's
glory — ring!
Let your belfries ev'ry one
Chime a gladsome carillon
Underneath the shaken firs
For the patriot blood which stirs,
Fires the soul of youth today —
For the honour beyond price.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Noble death of sacrifice!
Swing, swing, bluebells, and extol
The conquest of the quenchless soul!
From shore to shore, o'er glen and brake,
Let the sylvan chorals wake
Echoes lyrical that well
O'er dawn-bright fields of asphodel
For the mighty hosts who fight
'Neath St. Michael's shield of light!
Swing, swing, bluebells — clash and ring
On the golden winds of Spring!
Ring for the deathless souls that live, live for
Scotland — ring!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

EXPECTATION

DAWN

Dawn! Ah, what is coming today?
Ye waking flowers, say!

Peeping from out a dewy veil,
I see your faces pale.

A solemn azure floods the sky,
The stars grow faint on high.

What was that whisper in the trees?
Was it only the breeze?

O eager heart, less wildly beat,
Listen for coming feet!

NOON

Surely I walk in Paradise,
Or so it seems to me,
Beneath a lustrous purple sky,
Beside a purple sea!

Though hollowed here, on either hand
Soft swells the lovely sheen
Of wave-like hills, the gorse is gold
Upon their tender green.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

And fairy-purses, scarce a break
In all the crowded bloom,
Make carpets thick, alive with bees
Half drunken with perfume.

No sound, no sight, to jar the sense—
Only a lark's glad voice
Prepares the way of bliss to be
With herald cry, "Rejoice!"

And I, like one in happy dreams,
All joy beneath, above,
Stretch forth my eager hand to pluck
The perfect rose of love!

SUNSET

The poplar-leaves are fire, their stems are gold;
The reaped fields stretch towards the western
gleam;
The silent waters all things imaged hold
As though they were asleep, and this their
dream.

The gold fades into pink, the pink to red,
Every rich color to faint opal turns;
The moon's pearl boat sinks to its watery bed;
Peace, peace for all — save for the heart that
yearns —

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

The heart that waits and yearns, that hopes and
fears,

For one who, long expected, still delays!
Alas, my weary eyes grow dim with tears,
And still alone I pace the beaten ways!

TWILIGHT

Pale hueless twilight! Through the leaves
Shivers a strange and eerie sigh;
And, see, beneath Heav'n's dusky eaves,
One star on high!

The scent of violets ev'rywhere,
With odors from the pine-trees blent,
Rises like incense on the air
And is not spent.

How clearly now in this deep hush
Sounds yonder beck that flows along
'Neath hawthorn-bough and lilac bush
With wordless song!

Æolian whispers thrill the breeze,
And, while I dream my watch is o'er,
A wild voice wails among the trees,
"No more! No more!"

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

NIGHT

Masses of ebon shade
Broken by moonbeams white,
Silence in copse and dell, on hill and glade
The solemn hush of night.

Sleep with her host of dreams
Broods over hall and cot,
And that now is real which only seems,
And that which was is not.

Alas, and can it be
That day is wholly gone?
Cold midnight shadows earth and sky and sea,
And yet I watch — alone!

Is it the moon that flings
So soft a glory round?
Or is it some kind angel's shining wings
Piercing the gloom profound?

Oh, vision of delight,
Dry thou the tears I weep!
Fold me against thy bosom lily-white,
And let me — let me — sleep!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE FLOWERS' GOSSIP

I sat beside the window in the sunset's waning
light;
The gold and scarlet colors faded from the heavens
bright.
I heard the wild goose honking as on wing it
crossed the lake.
A heron in the rushes bent his head his thirst to
slake.
The breezes told of friendship as they blew in o'er
the bay,
And everything was peaceful at the closing of the
day.

I heard the breezes telling how the tulip kissed the
rose
That was blushing in the hollow where the white
spirea grows;
How they heard the hare-bell ringing out its love
for Columbine;
How two butterflies were dancing on a leafy wild
grape vine;
How the heliotrope was climbing up beside the
hollyhock,
And of how the honey-suckle was in love with
four-o'clock.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

And they told of how' the wood-folk and the
fairies all were friends;
How they loved each other truly, and that friend-
ship never ends;
That one's joy is shared by others, and the flowers
all rejoice
When they hear a tale of fortune in the happy wild
bird's voice.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

BABY SAILOR

Yo ho, little babykin sailor, ho!
Out over the Dreamyland Sea we go;
Out under the stars in the evening sky,
An odd little couple, just you and I.
We will set our sails, and away we'll float
O'er the sunset sea in a magic boat.
I will be captain and pilot and crew,
While the one lone passenger, dear, is you.
Softly above us the breezes will blow
That come from the land of the afterglow;
Filling our sails till we hurry away,
Leaving behind us the pleasures of day,
Till we reach the ocean of silver light,
All dotted about with the isles of Night.
Then swifter we'll speed through the waters deep
Till we come at last to the bay of Sleep;
And there, little one, we may end our quest
In the blissful, beautiful land of Rest.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

BABY LAND

Calm and deep, calm and deep,
Flows the silver stream
To the Fairyland of Sleep,
Ending in a dream.
Far away, far away,
Where the shadows roam —
There, the sleepy sages say,
Lies the Dreamland Home.

Now we glide, now we glide
In our fairy bark;
O'er the ripple slightly ride —
Ride into the dark.
All afloat, all afloat,
Down the silver stream,
In our idly rocking boat,
Drifting in a dream.

Spirits nigh, spirits nigh,
While our shallop goes,
Even croon a lullaby,
Little eyes to close.
Little lips, little lips
Smile, — our shallop fast
Soft into the harbor slips —
Slumberland at last!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

NATURE'S MUSIC

O'er the rain-washed roofs the chilling winds of
 winter sweep,
And, blending with their mournful sound, I seem
 to hear a strain
Of sweetest music, soft and low, above the plash
 of driving rain —
A melody whose faintest echoes roll forever in my
 soul.

One summer day long, long ago, when raindrops
 fell (thus angels weep)
When winds blew as they blow tonight, and clouds
 obscured the dusky pole,
A friend's lithe fingers touched the keys and filled
 the air with harmony.
Whene'er the wind sweeps from the sky it bears
 those echoes back to me.

Again I hear the sweet, low strains, like murm'ring
 ripples of the sea,
Or mother's song to lull to rest the baby sleeping
 on her breast.
Anon the music louder swells, and grander, nobler
 than before,
Such strains as fill the courts of kings or lead the
 pageantry of war.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Then, gliding slow in stately measure, the heavenly notes ring full and clear
As when, beneath the lofty nave of some dim church where twilight reigns,
The organ peal falls on my ear, that angels bright might pause to hear,
While echoes roll from arch to arch and strike against the storied panes.

And now once more the theme has changed, and sweeter falls, in cadence low —
A twisted chain of harmony, each note a pearl of melody.
A few soft chords — the melting strain now dies away, more soft, more slow,
And silence reigns. Yet in my soul still echoes on the wondrous lay
A master's mind had hid in notes, and Tulla's fingers found that day.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE LIFE OF A BREEZE

Born at the first faint gleams of dawn,
Waking the flowers with its baby breath,
Carrying tidings of coming morn,
"Life is awaking," it softly saith.

Speeding away o'er the sunny lea,
Rushing along in a crazy whirl,
Hurrying over the open sea,
Breaking the waves into showers of pearl.

Murmuring low in the forest pine,
Rustling the leaves on the marsh's brink,
Waving the fronds of the drooping vine
Over the pool where the dun deer drink;

Dying at eve when the sun hangs low,
Bidding farewell to the tree-tops high,
Sinking away with the evening glow,
Its life goes out with a little sigh.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

LITTLE CHERUB

Oh, hush thee, my baby; the great world is sleep-
ing,

And night soars above us with black, drooping
wings;

Let no fears come nigh thee, for mother is by thee,
And sweetly and softly a lullaby sings.

Oh, close, drowsy eyelids, now; close them, my
baby,

And let thy fair head on the pillow repose;
Then sleep will steal softly and lure thee to dream-
land.

Oh, hush thee, my darling! thy tired eyes close!

The cool wind comes murmuring down through
the valley,

Whispering low as it rustles along,
Swaying the long grass all dripping with dewdrops,
And hushing the world with its low, sweet song.

Oh, hush thee, my baby! the shadows are deep-
'ning;

The night-wind's cool breathing will soothe
thee to rest.

May heaven defend thee and sweet sleep attend
thee,

And God's holy angels watch over thy rest!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

LIFE'S TOYS

Oh, the little boy is tired tonight —

He has played the whole long day;
With coos and laughs he has happy been,
So happy and cheery and gay!
And what has made the little boy tired?
You'll be quite surprised when you know.

Why, the wooden dog Ted
With the wiggly head,
And the horse that will not go.

And, oh, he's so tired when bedtime comes,
And he's robed in his gown of white,
He's fast asleep in his mother's arms
Before he can say good night.

But when the morning's first beams
Peep in at the little boy,
He jumps from his bed to his mother's arms
With one glad whoop of joy.
And why is the little boy happy today?
You'll be quite surprised when you know.
Why, the wooden dog Ted
With the wiggly head,
And the horse that will not go.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE CHALLENGE

The autumn woods are calling, I must wander far
away;
They are calling, I must follow; O dear heart,
I cannot stay,
For the hills are red with maple, and the sky
above is blue—
It is autumn, and O Autumn! when you call, I
follow you.

Oh, I thrill to see the sumac that's like banners in
the breeze,
There's a challenge in the forest 'twixt the red and
yellow trees;
There's a myst'ry in the asters that grow beside
the way —
Hark! the autumn woods are calling; when you
call they call, I cannot stay.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

AFTER THE WAR

Oh, well for the men in martial bonds,
For the young strong feet and the ready hands!
For them the laurels of Fame be twined —
But what for those who are left behind?

There is work for the willing hands to do,
Comforts to store — not scant, nor few;
And thousands shall live to bless the care
That wrought for the sick and the wounded here.

There is Prayer for the longing lips that cry
To the God of Battles as days go by,
Pleading — how earnestly! — in their pain
For those who may never come back again.

There is Hope for the waiting hearts that know
How righteous our Cause, how false the foe,
Sure that our God, the Just, the True,
Can save us by many or by few.

Work — for gathering goodly store;
Prayer, more urgent than e'er before;
Hope, uplifting the heart and mind —
These are for those who are left behind!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

And a Vision shines of the days to come —
No clash of weapons, no beat of drum;
And glorious there, with her crown restored,
Stands Peace, triumphant with sheathed sword!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

MUSIC'S VOICE

White girlish hands along the keyboard skim,
And sweet and clear
A myriad skylarks pour their wak'ning hymn
To trance mine ear.
The cowslips gleam along the meadow track,
The pear trees blow.
The Spring song's magic calls lost Springtimes
back
From long ago!

White girlish hands caress the answering keys,
A raptured hum,
And, hark, it is the wedding of the bees
To which we come!
The queen and consort soar through realms unseen
Of sunlit glow.
'T was thus, by long pursuit, I won my queen
Once long ago!

White girlish hands about the keyboard flash,
And list'ning ears
Catch the sweet singing, 'twixt the paddles' plash,
Of gondoliers,
Venetian palaces in moonlight gleam,
Calm waters flow,
As when we drifted there and dreamed our dream
Sweet long ago!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

White girlish hands with tenderer motion sweep,
And shades grow long;
The sweet andante breathes of rest and sleep —
Heav'n's slumber song.
Tired eyes close softly with the ending day,
The night falls slow.
And shall we find, when breaks the morning ray,
Our long ago?

O sweet musician, resting in the Lord,
With heav'nly art
Thou hast, for all time, struck the common chord
In human heart!
For each these songs — these songs that need no
words —
Life's story hold;
They echo like the music of the birds,
That ne'er grows old!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

FLOWERS PATRIOTIC

First a tiny little seedling, then a green-cased roll
of blue,
Through the sunny summer hours in the marsh
and swamp it grew,
Till the flower-bud unfolded, spreading petals to
the sky,
Where the marsh-grass waved around it, and the
trees with branches high.

By the road grew wild red roses; there the daisies,
gold and white,
Waved their silv'ry-shining petals from the morn-
ing to the night.
And the iris and the roses, and the silver daisies,
too,
Make the colors of our country, for 't was red and
white and blue.

Now these flowers were not unnoticed, for a boy,
when passing by,
Saw the roses and the blue flag, and the daisies
caught his eye;
Said he, "I'll be patriotic, I will make myself a
crown
Of the roses, flags, and daisies and surprise my
friends in town."

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

So he made the wreath he thought of, with the red
and white and blue;

All the people flocked to see it — they had seen
the flowers, too.

So the iris, called the blue flag, growing in the
deep moss-hag,

With red roses and white daisies, made the colors
of our flag.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

NIGHT AND DAY

Lo, it is night!
How swiftly fall
The shadows, darkly drowning all
The lovely golden light!

Lo, it is day!
How swiftly fly
The shadows from the earth and sky,
And melt in light away!

And so, at last,
Swift death shall hide
The light of life with darkest tide,
And dreaded shadows cast.

But glorious day
Shall sweep away
Those shadows, never more to rise
In new diviner skies!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

OLD GLORY DIVINE

Proudly marched the boys in khaki,
Bravely, swiftly striding onward
Toward their goal across the waters,
There to fight for liberty.

Bright above them waved Old Glory,
Proudly waved, o'er cheering thousands,
Flung her silken folds toward heaven —
Precious emblem of the free!

Slowly marched the men in khaki,
Slowly, wearily marched onward;
Pale and wan, thinned ranks turned homeward
From a hard-won victory.

Still above them waved Old Glory,
But her silken folds were tattered,
Blood-stained, shell-torn, still she fluttered —
Men's eyes, tear-dimmed, could not see.

Yet, for each shed drop of heart's blood,
Brighter shone the bars of crimson;
For each prayer from loved ones rising
Gleamed the white stripes more and more.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

While, with heaven's own blue commingled,
With the light from each life given,
Gleamed the stars; so dear Old Glory
Shone brighter than before.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

POPPIES AND LILIES

A road there is that runs from dark to dawn,
A dim road winding through the land of Dreams,
And on the right is spread a liliated lawn.
The fair white blossoms drowsily uplift
Their slumb'rous faces; softest breezes drift
Their dreamy fragrance; and a sound of streams
That, all unseen, in lulling music run,
Unto the soul comes like a benison.

A dim lake lies beyond the lily-meads —
All things are dim within this twilight place —
Fringed darkly round with slender swaying reeds,
And shadowy hills beyond them vaguely loom;
And on the left hand myriad poppies bloom,
And on the roadway these encroach apace.
From out their subtle odors Dreams are born
That rise and wander with us till the morn.

And, when I tread upon the poppied way
With bare feet 'mid the flowers sinking deep;
I would that here forever I might stay
Beside the lilies and the twilight lake.
Too soon must I the company forsake
Of clinging Dreams and leave the land of Sleep;
And while the last farewell is softly sighed
The golden gates of morn are opened wide!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

AN INDIAN COURTSHIP

Lie not within thy wigwam,
Singing-Water, Singing-Water;
The owl is calling, calling;
The stars are riding high;
Oh, come to greet thy lover,
Great-chief's daughter, good-chief's daughter,
The mother pines are waiting
To sing thy lullaby!

Thou'rt fleet as is a coyote,
Little Star-eyes, little Star-eyes,
As fleet as is the coyote,
As light as is the fawn;
Thou'rt lovely as the sun queen
In the fair skies, in the far skies,
Who rides her shining mustang
O'er Heaven's purple lawn.

My hands with blood are crimson,
Little Sky-lark, soaring Sky-lark,
With blood that was the white man's,
His scalp is at my side;
I fight until the shadows
Softly fall dark, gently lie dark,
And I shall be a chieftain
If thou wilt be my bride!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

LITTLE FAIRIES

I sat beside a streamlet, flowing peacefully along;
And as it flowed the murmuring waters sang to me
a song.

Now gay it was, now plaintive, so it lulled me far
away
To the pleasant land of slumber where the little
fairies stay.

Then all those fairy creatures gathered round me
— so I dreamed;
And as I looked a countless, brilliant multitude it
seemed,
As if five thousand rainbows and a thousand stars
of light
Had blended all together to dispel the gloom of
night.

And then I asked, "Why do you never come our
world to see?
Why is it that you always dwell in realms of fan-
tasy?"
Then spoke the queen of all the rest, "We come
to earth each day,
Though some know not that we are there, and
some turn us away.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

“The sympathy that leads you to relieve another’s
 woe,
The love you give to others in the journey here
 below,
The hope that makes you meet the hardships,
 loyal, strong, and true,
The faith that makes you happy e’en when sorrow
 comes to you, —

“Lo! what are these but fairies? Oft they come
 to you in vain;
And if they are not welcomed they will never
 come again.”
Her voice became the rippling of the little wood-
 land stream,
When I awoke and realized that it was all a dream.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

TRI-COLOR

I was tired of earth's turmoil and sorrow,
Worn out with the care and the strife,
And so wearily sought I to borrow
From the cool fragrant garden new life.

And as 'mong the blossoms I wandered,
"My life is a garden," I thought;
"Each day like a rosebud unfolding,
With thorns for the trials it brought."

And the first flowers I spied were white roses
"My To-morrows," I thought with a start;
"Each petal a hope that reposes,
Unsullied and pure, in my heart.

"My Yesterdays — the yellow flowers,
With their golden memories fair;
Each petal a record of happy hours
Spent far from earth's toil and care.

"And a crimson bloom is each To-day,
With its glowing, ardent hue.
They are the best, for they do not say
'Shall be,' or 'Has been,' but 'Do!'"

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

LIFE

YOUTH

Life is a song that is caroled in tune,
A roundelay sweet in the gay month of June,
A cup that is filled up with wine to the brim,
A delicate goblet with ruby-crowned rim;
A lilac that fragrantly blooms in the spring;
A bird winging upward, nor ceasing to sing;
A song, and a wine-cup, a bird, and a flower,
A wish to achieve and a yearning for power.

MIDDLE AGE

Life is a burden, a routine of care,
That bows down the figure, and whitens the hair,
A dull, changeless labor that never is done,
'Neath a sky that is leaden, with no cheering sun;
Life is a wheel, to which all men are bound,
That grinds men beneath it, each time it goes
round;
A reasonless striving, and sighing for wings
To fly from the ceaseless oppression of Things.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

OLD AGE

Life is a waiting for what is to come,
A waiting for rest, and the glad going home;
The great preparation for things yet to be,
When all shall be clear, and at last we shall see.
Life is a wonderful, mystical quest
That some take with a sigh, and some with a
 jest,
But all, like a child who is tired by play,
Stop a moment to rest, and in sleep slip away.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

MYSTERY

Along my garden's winding path I strolled.

The world was fragrant with the breath of morn,
The early sunshine bathed the earth in gold —

A day was born.

The changing shadows fell upon the ground,

All flecked with gold where'er the bright sun
shone,

And there, beside my garden path, I found

A rose half-blown.

I looked, and marveled that it was so fair,

So perfectly 't was formed by nature's art,
Its half-unfolded petals laying bare

Its golden heart,

Its perfumed breath, that stole upon the air,

The loveliness of each exquisite shade,

The satin texture of each petal rare,

So finely made.

Like some fair princess of a world of love,

It seemed a fairy gift, a thing apart,
With all the purity and freshness of

A maiden's heart.

I wondered had the sunshine and the rain

Performed the miracle this seemed to be —

Alone? Yet question not. It will remain

God's mystery.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE MAGIC RIVER

We were gliding down the Hudson on a dreamy,
 moonlight night,
And the inky waves were glist'ning in the mystic
 tranquil light,
While on either side the Highlands, in majestic
 silence, rose,
And their huge, dark forms seemed sleeping in a
 calm, serene repose.

Overhead the constellations seemed like forms of
 living light,
To the south the gleaming Archer drew his bow
 of silver bright,
And the myriad twinkling starlights journeying
 toward the western sky
Showed the deep black mountains blacker as they
 passed their summits high.

First came the Storm King in his grandeur, rising
 stern, abrupt, and steep,
As the guardian of the Highlands, placed his
 silent watch to keep;
At his feet flowed magic water, and he touched an
 elfin strand,
For the precincts that he guarded all were those of
 fairyland.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

Beyond him rose old Cro' Nest with his mystic
light and shade,
With the bluebells all a-ringing in the forest and
the glade,
And I heard a tiny plashing of the little culprit
fay,
Going forth to do his penance ere the breaking of
the day.

Soon I heard the fairies singing, shouting loud
their triumph cry,
For the tiny elf returning from his journey in the
sky;
And from out the wooded hillside shone the twink-
ling spark of light
Of his little flame-wood lantern, kindled by a
comet bright.

On we passed; the moon was sinking, and her last
faint silv'ry beam
Lingered for one fleeting instant, and then van-
ished from the stream.
All the crickets stopped their chirping, and the
bluebells all were still,
And the fairy song was silent as we left th' en-
chanted hill.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

FLEUR-DE-LIS

Clad all in splendid purple,
Color of royalty,
Stalwart the ranks about him,
Proclaiming fealty.
Though born to war and peril,
He holds eternal truce,
Lord of the misty marches.
Knight of the Flow'r-de-Luce.

Flower of Bourbon glory,
Firm on a foreign strand.
Alien the skies above him,
Dauntless he yet doth stand.
Yeomanry strong about him,
Each with uplifted lance.
Swearing, forever and ever,
Fidelity to France.

Nearer his comrades gather,
Sighing a vesper song.
His lady love is stealing,
Star-sprinkled fields along.
Twilight doth come slowly drifting,
Towed by the crescent moon —
Sir Knight of the misty marshes,
Keepeth his tryst with June!

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS

THE CAPTAIN

1917

Lord, our Captain, Who has led
Through the storms our bark before,
Past the phantom shapes of dread,
Through the bursting flames of war, —
Pilot, Captain, unto Thee
Now we come to ask Thy aid,
Not in mock humility,
But because we are afraid.

Not of others of mankind
Who before us bar the way, —
Not for dangers well defined
Do we ask Thy help today;
Not for war-clouds that appear
O'er our destiny's scarred brow,
But because ourselves we fear,
Lord, our Captain, pray we now.

Lord, our Captain, guide our bark
O'er the stormy seas ahead,
Where our passions hover dark,
And our self-control is dead;
Where our energies are stilled,
And our manhood's best is gone, —
Through the breakers we have willed
Lord, our Captain, lead us on!



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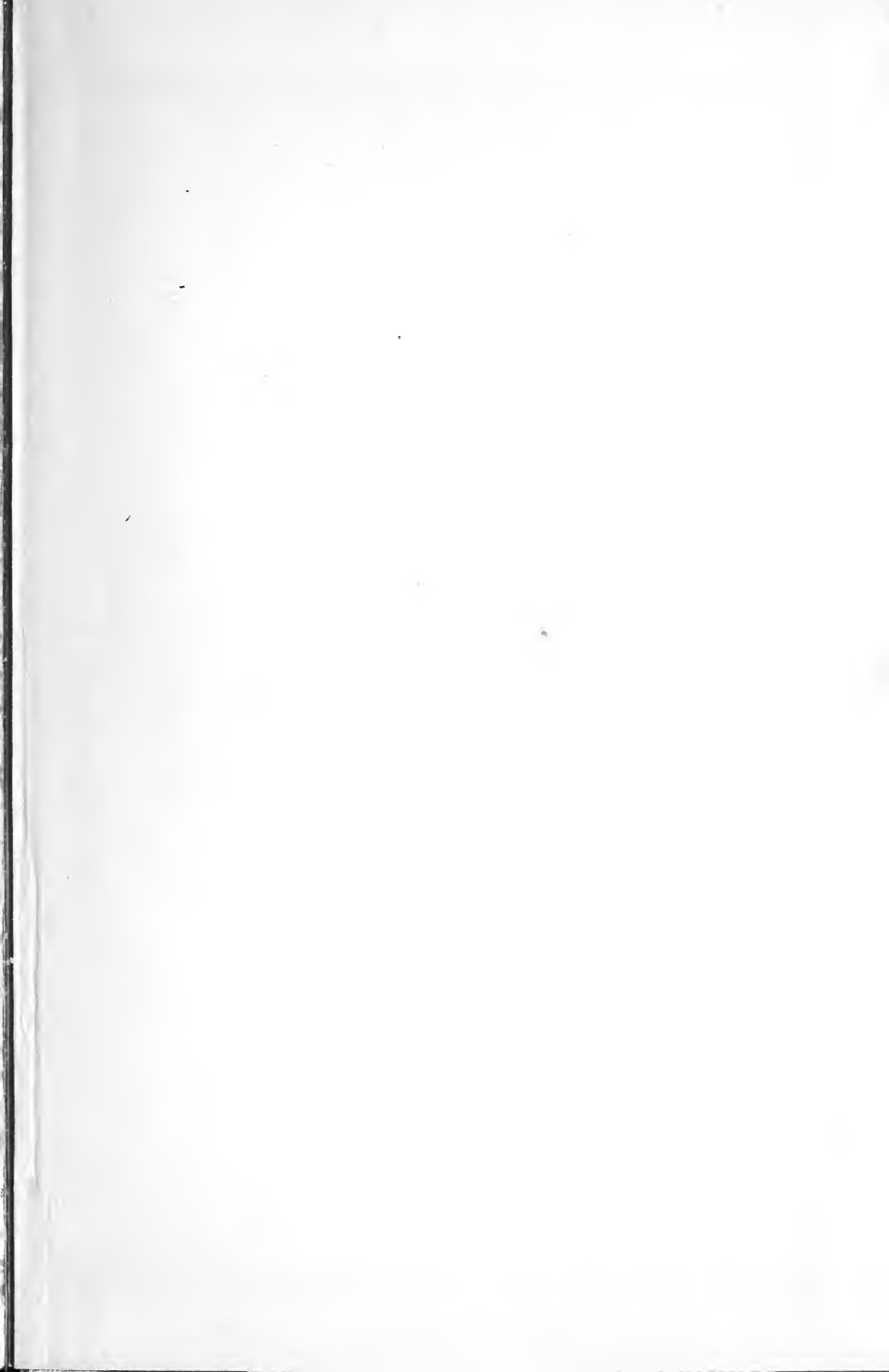


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